

The Argus

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THE ARGUS

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

My Creed

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
I would be friend of all—the poor—the friendless;
I would be giving and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh—and love and lift.

—Selected.

Kindness

W. T. TATE, '13

Kindness is the music of good will to men and on this harp the smallest fingers in the world may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth. Kindness is one of the purest traits that finds a place in the human heart. It gives us friends wherever we may chance to wander. Whether we dwell with the savage tribes of the forest or with civilized races, kindness is a language understood by the former as well as by the latter. Its influence never ceases. Once started, it flows onward like the little mountain rivulet in a pure and ever increasing stream. To show kindness it is not necessary to give large sums of money or to perform some wonderful deed that will immortalize your name. It is the tear of sympathy for the bereaved, a deed of love wrought for the needy, a cup of cold water and a crust of bread to the hungry one.

Kindness makes sunshine wherever it goes. It finds its way

into the hidden chambers of the heart, and brings forth golden treasures which harshness would have sealed up forever. Kindness causes the laborer to forget his hardships, and the burden-bearer his cares. If you want to live in the minds of others after you have passed away, write your name on the tables of their memories by deeds of kindness.

Many hearts have been sad for years because some one has failed to speak kindly or to do some kind deed. Many homes are dark tonight because kindness is not shown them. Oh that man would show kindness to all, and especially to those who are troubled. If you want to make the corner of the world in which you live brighter show a kindly spirit. If you want to lift burdens from crushed hearts, speak kind words. The cannon ball is powerful and swift in its flight, but kind words are more powerful and sink deeper into the human heart. You can dominate the world with kindness far better than you can with the sword. Nations have crumbled, and kingdoms have been divided because the rulers had unkind hearts. England lost the best part of the new world because of her unkindness. Rehoboam lost the honor of being king over the twelve mighty tribes because he failed to speak kindly. And unkind men of today are gradually sinking.

True kindness cherishes and actively promotes instrumentalities for doing practical good in its own time, and, looking into futurity, sees the same spirit working on for the eventual elevation and happiness of the race. It is the kindly disposed men who are the active men of the world, while the selfish and the skeptical, who have no love but for themselves, are its idlers. How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him, and how truly is one fond heart a fountain of gladness, making everything about it freshen into smiles. Its effect on nature is like the spring rains which melt the icy coverings of the earth and cause it to open to the beams of heaven.

The noblest revenge we can take upon our enemies is to do them a kindness. To return malice for malice and injury for injury will afford but a temporary gratification to our evil

passions and our enemies will only be turned more and more against us. But to take the first opportunity of showing how superior we are to them by doing them a kindness, is not only the nobler way but the stain of reproach will enter the more deeply into their souls. While unto us it will be a noble retaliation; our triumph will not infrequently be rendered complete; not only by beating out the malice that would have otherwise stood against us but by bringing repentent hearts to offer themselves at the shrine of forgiveness. A more glorious victory can not be gained over another than this, that when the injury begins on his part the kindness should begin on ours.

Who can rightly estimate the ultimate effect of one kind word spoken? One little word of tenderness rushing in upon the soul will sweep long neglected chords and awaken the most pleasant strains. Kind words are like jewels in the heart, never to be forgotten but perhaps to cheer by their memory a life that has long been sad; while words of cruelty are like darts in the bosom, wounding and leaving scars that will be worn to the grave by their victim. Speak kindly in the morning; it lightens all the cares of the day, and makes household and other affairs move along more smoothly. Speak kindly at night, for it may be that before dawn some loved one may finish his space of life and then it would be too late to ask forgiveness. Always leave home with kind words; for they may be the last. Speak kindly at all times; it encourages the downcast, cheers the sorrowing and awakens the erring to higher ideals.

Do you desire an example of kindness? If so take that which is given by the lowly Nazarene who walked upon the forbidden ground among the mockers and scorers, showed such kindness that it melted hearts of stone and caused the world to look on in amazement. So let us take up the example and send words of kindness ringing around the world and when we shall have finished our course here we shall hear them ring in eternity.

The Freshman's Dream

J. B. JONES, '12

A short while after the sun had gone to sleep and all the forces of nature were tranquil one of the "fresh" boys dreamed a wonderful dream. It extends so near the boundaries of a future reality that several of the "wise and knowing" have been seen to bend their heads close together, and with a solemn countenance, whisper into one another's ears that it might have been inspired by the god of improvement.

Many times had the boy humbly fallen upon his knees and thanked God that there were no hazing in this school, often he would say to himself, "Surely there can be no better school than this. The principal is kind hearted and there is not a teacher but takes pleasure in clasping a boy's mental hand and trying to lift him up in his struggle for knowledge. The boys are so kind; they meet in prayer meeting every Monday night and there seems to be so much love among them. The very atmosphere in and about the building seems to say welcome to the new-comer. The society halls are the finest of any high school society in the State. The campus is very beautiful. It is so cool and nice in the summer time. I do not see where there could be any improvement." But ere the glittering sun had sprinkled her rays upon the dew-drops the freshman was destined to learn many things.

Scarcely had the boy reclined upon his double set of springs (one set having been stolen from a room not yet occupied) when like a feather before the wind he was lifted up and borne away into dream-land. Immediately the god of dreams met the freshman and handed him a dream over which the youth began to ponder, after taking a seat in a great easy chair.

The subject of the dream was "The future Boiling Springs High School." Soon the boy's eyes were tired and he called to the master of the house, saying, "O thou god of dreams, thou art so good to man, taking him away from turmoil and strife and bringing him to this heaven of blissfulness, my eyes are so weak that I cannot read."

Thereupon the kind man took the boy by the hand and said,

"Come I will show you your dream." So beautiful were the scenes that appeared before the boy's eyes that he thinks some supernatural power was wielding a great influence over him. He even thinks the sights are sacred and has begged me not to reveal them. However I think that it is my duty to let them be known in order that the students, together with the faculty, may have the great joy that is realized in anticipation.

The first thing that appeared was the main building. It was covered with such a beautiful coat of paint that nature, seeming to be jealous, was besieging it on every side with violets and roses. Those were so fragrant they might have added beauty to the sides of lovers' lane. The entire campus was covered with a coat of smooth grass. All the trees had been trimmed and among their branches beautiful birds built their nests. Especially was this a favorite place for the orioles. So beautiful was the vicinity about the building that one might have mistaken it for a park where young people are wont to stroll and enjoy the luxuriant gifts of nature. The dormitories, too, were painted.

Extending from the boys' dormitory to the main building was an elevated walk. Over this the boys could have a passport and gain the building with dry soles. The old wooden dormitory had been torn down and the new one enlarged so as to hold all the boys.

Within the main building the walls were tinted, the desks shone with new varnish. Single desks had taken the place of those long enough to accomodate two students. On account of this there was far less noise in the school room and no student was ever hindered by a school nomad. In all the buildings was a new system of water works and electric lights. After further examination of the building there could also be found a laboratory and a gymnasium.

As the freshman still gazed dumbfoundedly, he beheld vast fields of corn, cotton, clover, peas, and many other things. On inquiring of the god of dreams, he was told that a hundred acres of land belonged to the school. On this farm many boys worked and made their expenses who could not otherwise

have been in school on account of their limited means. Not only did it enable poor boys to go through school, but it had another and possibly greater mission. Many boys go to high school who never go to college, but go back to the farm. These obtained a great deal of practical experience along with the scientific knowledge of agriculture gained from their textbooks.

Many other things did the freshman dream but on account of his modesty and juvenility, I refrain from relating any more. However, he discovered many secrets that it might not have been intended for man to know. Perhaps in some future time I may be able to persuade him to let me tell you more of his dream. If so, I shall be delighted to tell you the future of this great institution.



Which Way Did She Go.

KATE WASHBURN, '12

It was the last day of school at ——— College, examinations were all over, and Helen Grey, my Senior room-mate, had stood all the examinations for her diploma. She had passed on all but one, her English examination. To add to her trouble, she had fallen out with Mr. Robert Hartwell, who had come to see her graduate, and whom she was going to marry as soon as commencement was over.

I was sitting in my room about half past one, when Helen came rushing in with two letters and a telegram.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

But she only threw the letters into my lap, and crying, "Read these," ran out. The first one was a telegram from her father:

Charlotte, N. C., June 3, 19—.

Miss Helen Grey, ——— College:

Mother and I coming to commencement. Meet two o'clock train.

R. D. Grey.

The second was a note from the professor of English. It read:

My Dear Miss Grey:—

I have decided to give you one more trial on the English examination. If you wish to take it, come promptly at two o'clock. Of course this will be the last chance you will have, and if you are not here by two you will not be able to get your diploma.

Sincerely yours,

J. V. Worth.

The third was this:

My Dearest Helen:

Since I left you, I found I was in the wrong, as usual, and I want you to forgive me. If you will, come to the parlor at two o'clock, as I am going to leave town on the 2:24 if you don't come. Please come.

Lovingly,

Bob.

As soon as I had finished reading these messages I ran down stairs. When I reached the hall I asked one of the girls which way Helen went. I was told that she had gone down the west hall. This hall led to the English room, to the parlor and the front door:—Which way did she go?

Smile

Smile, brother, smile!
 While you smile
 Another smiles
 And soon there's miles
 And miles
 Of smiles
 And life's worth while
 If you but smile.
 Smile, brother, smile!

—Selected.

The Boiling Springs Argus

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Foreword

As we enter upon the task of publishing a magazine, we realize that many difficulties will confront us. We remember, too, that high-school journalism in this part of the country is practically an innovation. Yet we feel sure that success will ultimately come to all who strive earnestly. In the four short years of her existence, our school has come to be recognized as one of the leading high-schools of western North Carolina. Why should not the same good fortune attend this our latest enterprise?

Our aim is to make this little paper interesting not only to the students and friends of the school, but to a larger circle as well. We wish this magazine to do more than promote the interests of our school. May it help in the advancement of all that is good and noble; of all that is elevating to our country and to mankind. We hope that THE ARGUS may not only equal any publication of the kind in the State, but that it may

eventually compare favorably with similar papers throughout the South. Let each student, then, see that he is doing his part to bring this about; for without the cooperation of the student body, a board of editors can never hope to succeed.

In this respect we have been peculiarly blessed, in bringing out our first issue. As more contributions have been received than could possibly be printed in one issue, do not be discouraged because your work could not be used this time. Again lend us your hearty support, keep up the present gratifying enthusiasm, and failure in our new undertaking will be impossible.

Now let every graduate and former student be loyal enough to his dear Alma Mater to subscribe to her little magazine and keep in touch with the school, as it improves and progresses.

A professor of the University of
Chicago in a lecture gave his class
ten questions, and informed them that
any person who could answer them affirmatively he would consider educated in the best sense of the term. The questions follow:

1. Has education given you sympathy with all good causes and made you eager to espouse them?
2. Has it made you public-spirited?
3. Has it made you brother to the weak?
4. Have you learned to make friends and keep them? Do you know what it is to be a friend yourself?
5. Can you look an honest man or pure woman straight in the eye?
6. Do you see anything to love in a little child?
7. Will a lonely dog follow you in the street?
8. Can you be high-minded and happy in the meaner drudgeries of life?
9. Do you think washing dishes and hoeing corn just as compatible with high thinking as piano playing or golf?
10. Are you good for anything to yourself? Can you be happy alone?—*Canadian Teacher*.

SCHOOL NOTES

ERA PLUMMER, '13, EDITOR

School opened August 30, 1910, with a large attendance. Appropriate exercises were held in the chapel, which was filled with students, new and old, friends and patrons. Speeches were made by prominent men of the community, trustees of the school, and the new principal, Rev. J. M. Hamrick.

★ ★ ★

The attendance this year has been most gratifying to the friends of the school. As we go to press the enrollment has reached 258 as against 171 total enrollment last year, and still they come! Sixty girls have been enrolled as boarding students in the main building, so that there are very few unoccupied places in the girl's home. The substantial new boys' dormitory as well as the old dormitories for boys are also well filled.

★ ★ ★

There has been much work done in the library this year. The walls and floor have been painted, new shelves bought, a stove now heats the room and the new furniture, too, has come. We now have a library that any school ought to appreciate. Many books have been added this year and it is hoped that all friends of the school will work for this library and help make it better.

★ ★ ★

The girls' parlor has also come in for its share of attention. Ceiling and walls have been painted white and the floor stained. Shades have been bought for the windows. A beautiful art square was given by a friend of the school. Rugs, chairs, tables, and pictures now help to make it a cozy parlor, instead of a bare room.

★ ★ ★

On September tenth, the faculty gave a reception to the school in order that the new students might get acquainted. The introductions consumed a great deal of time. What a buzz of merry chatting accompanied this part of the program!

Then the young ladies were given slips of paper bearing such queer inscriptions as "vio-", "nastur-", "cocks-". But when they learned that some young man had "-let" or "-tium" or "-comb," the puzzled wrinkles went out of their brows and patiently they waited till fate should send a "better half." We wonder whether the conversations which followed had as much in them of cold and sweet as the refreshments which were served.

★ ★ ★

The Kalagathian and Kalierogeanian Literary Societies gave a literary evening November twenty-sixth. The program was as follows:

Piano Solo—Miss Alda Greene.

Vocal Solo—Miss Myrtle Hamrick.

Oration—Mr. T. L. Wilson.

Recitation—Miss Bettie Lee Cade.

Locals—Miss Meak Bridges.

DEBATE.—*Query: Resolved:* That the American Revolution has done more to promote human progress than the French and the English Revolutions.

Affirmative.—J. W. Dalton, S. C. Lattimore.

Negative.—J. D. Brown, R. C. Campbell.

The judges decided unanimously in favor of the negative.

On Saturday evening, Jan. 14, the Athenean and Ramseur Literary Societies gave a very enjoyable literary evening. The program was as follows:

Chorus—Society Song.

Declamation, "The Roman Sentinel"—O. N. Lovelace.

Piano Duet, "Electric Flash Galop"—Misses Mattie Kendrick and Cora Martin.

Reading, "The Impulsive Oration"—J. P. Calton.

Vocal Duet, "The Wood Bird's Song"—Misses Verna Humphries and Maud Gold.

THE SNIGGLES FAMILY.

CHARACTERS—WIDDOW SNIGGLES AND DAUGHTERS.

Widow Sniggles Olive Crabtree

THE ARGUS

S'manthy Ann, a coquette Louise Beaty
 Jerushy, afflicted with hay fever Essie Blanton
 Angelica Regina Utopia, an aesthetic Lois Spurrier
 Silvicta Lorena, the prima donna Verna Humphries
 Angina Pectoris, the pathetic soul Leola Borders
 Electoria Cassandra, the elocuter Maud Gold
 Graciana Sublima, the graceful girl Mattie Kendrick
 Jemima, the giggler Mattie Withrow

Current Events, Original—W. T. Tate.

Pantomine—The Holy City.

Reading, "The Capture of Santiago"—Olive Crabtree.

Trio, "By Moonlight"—Misses Myrtle Dodson, Verna Humphries, Maynard Allen.

TENNYSON'S DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

CHARACTERS

Helen of Troy Ella McCurry
 Iphigenia Sue Parker
 Queen Eleanor Pearl Padgett
 Rosamond Lois Hurley
 Cleopatra Fannie Allen
 Jephtha's Daughter May Sue Love
 Eleanor Frette Huskey
 Chorus Medley

★ ★ ★

On January twenty-eighth the Athenean Literary Society rendered the following program:

Reading—C. C. Matheny.

Reading—C. H. Hines.

Declamation—L. A. Hines.

Oration—W. T. Tate.

Locals—R. G. Stockton.

QUERY—*Resolved*, That ancient warriors were more heroic than those of modern times.

Affirmative—U. M. Allen, O. P. Hamrick.

Negative—J. O. Ware, O. N. Lovelace.

The judges decided 2-1 in favor of the affirmative.

During the present year our Y. M. C. A. has met with greater success than ever before. Early in the fall term Mr. Johnson, the student secretary for the Carolinas, visited us and helped our devotional committees map out work up to Christmas. This was found very beneficial indeed. One feature of the work then planned, which has added much to the interest, was a series of addresses by able speakers. Rev. C. T. Tew lectured to us on "How to Honor Your Parents;" Rev. J. M. Hamrick on "The Sabbath Day—How to Keep it Holy;" Prof. J. D. Huggins on "For Self or for Service;" Dr. Wood on "How to Preserve Your Health." All of these lectures were interesting and inspiring for the workers.

Each year we send representatives to the Y. M. C. A. conventions of the two Carolinas. This year the convention met at Raleigh, and we sent Mr. G. W. Camp, our president, to represent us. He came back very enthusiastic over his trip. We hope to send a representative this summer to the training school at Montreal.

★ ★ ★

The Y. W. C. A. has also been active this year. The membership embraces almost every girl in the school, and the weekly meetings have been interesting. Every evening at 6:30 a ten-minute prayer meeting is held in one of the girls' rooms, and they are well attended and full of spiritual uplift.

A joint meeting with the Y. M. C. A. was held the Sunday before Christmas. The program breathed the Christmas spirit.

★ ★ ★

Our Baraca Class, taught by our lady principal, Miss Etta Curtis, is the largest in the country anywhere around, having 95 on roll. On January 19th the Baraca Class of the First Baptist church of Shelby held a Sunday School Rally, offering banners to the Baraca Class having the greatest number and the largest per cent. of its members present. Eighty-two of our boys drove the nine miles through mud and rain and brought back a beautiful banner for being the largest class present. The address by Mr. Luther M. Tesh, Field Secretary of the World-Wide Baraca Movement, was an inspiration to all.

The Baraca's entertainment of the Philatheas was profitable as well as enjoyable. The evening was begun with prayer by Mr. Campbell and an interesting talk by our Principal on the Baraca and Philathea work. Then sheets of paper tied with blue and white ribbon were given to all and we set to work to see who could make the most words from the letters contained in "Baraca and Philathea." Miss Kate Washburn received as a prize for this contest a pretty little red letter Testament. Next came the excitement of finding partners to go down to the dining-room. This time the young people were "matched off" with Bible verses cut in two. After the delicious oyster stew and our jolly little talk we felt that the ten o'clock bell was "tolling."

★ ★ ★

On Saturday morning, January seventeenth, we were very pleasantly surprised when our principal announced that a "reception" would be given the following Monday. There was no little excitement in the school, since this was to be our first reception in 1911, and a great many new boys and girls had come to school. The students were to meet in the auditorium at two o'clock, but long before time the girls were dressed in their best and could be seen walking the campus and porches, anxious for the exercises to begin. The amusement of the afternoon proved to be an "Art Exhibition," and upon entering the hall every one was presented with a "catalog." A great variety of things were exhibited and called forth a guessing contest among the students. Would you have known that those old slippers on the window-sill, with their heels in the air trying to kick the camphor bottle, corresponded to "Weary souls by the camp-fire" on the meek little printed slip in your hand? Could you have guessed that the open pair of scissors was "We Part to Meet Again," or that the big potato on *Hamlet* was a "Commentator on Shakespeare?"

★ ★ ★

The music department, under the competent direction of Miss Dodson and Miss Dover, is progressing most satisfactorily. About sixty pupils now compose the class. During the year a number of private recitals have been held. One of the

most enjoyable of these was held in the Kalagathian hall on Saturday evening, February fourth. After the vocal and instrumental selections were over the pupils were called upon to put on their thinking caps for a little guessing contest. Along one side of the room were sheets of paper on which were written snatches of familiar songs. Now for the best sight-reader—can't you hear the confused humming all over the room? Bits of "Old Black Joe," "America," or—O, joyful—"Dixie!" Misses Euzelia Hamrick, Bettie Lee Cade, Verna Humphries, and Mr. Lyman Love were clever enough to guess them all, and after the necessary "straw-drawing" Mr. Love was awarded the prize. If you were to ask some of the pupils what was the best thing on the program I fear they would say, "Oh, these oysters and hot chocolate!"

The Civic League is doing a great work. The yards, once covered with stumps and trash, are now leveled and sown in grass. Shade trees have been planted, and on the south side of the building is a rose garden, which will be very beautiful when finished. We have a fruit orchard of over a hundred trees already set out. Besides its work out of doors, the League also has committees on school property and on morals. The former is foe to all who forget the little rhyme beginning, "Fools' names, like fools' faces," and seeks in general to guard against mutilation of buildings and furniture. The committee on morals is endeavoring to root out all such evils as smoking and using bad language. All the students and friends of the school are taking great interest in the Civic League. We hope it will do greater work in the future than it has in the past.

There is a wide difference between elementary knowledge and superficial knowledge, between a firm beginning and an infirm attempt at compassing.—*Ruskin*.

"Every man found guilty in my court of cruelty to animals will go to jail. I will have no other sentence in my court for that crime."—*Judge Lindsay*, of Denver.

AMONG OUR GRADUATES AND FORMER STUDENTS

OLIVE ESTELLE CRABTREE, EDITOR

Of our first graduating class of five, two members are in college and two are teaching.

T. Cleveland Holland, '10, is a member of the Sophomore class at Wake Forest College.

Theodore N. Farris, '10, is a Sophomore at the University of South Carolina, in Columbia.

Ollie Bell Moore, '10, is teaching near Clinton, S. C.

Leila Moore, '10, is teaching at Whitney, S. C.

Louise Atkins, '10, is spending the winter at her home near Yorkville, S. C.

Among the old students who have visited the school this year are: Louise Atkins, Leila Moore, Ollie Moore, T. C. Holland (all of the class of 1910), R. L. Jolley, C. B. Wilson, W. E. Wilson, Essie Kester, Georgia Beam, Ola Lattimore, C. C. Haynes, A. F. Settlemyre, Roy Lovelace, Tom Matheny, Thomas McCraw, Julia Herndon, Flora Herndon, Zue Bridges, Maud Miller, Nell Miller, Maud Kennedy, Nell Brown. We are always glad to have our former pupils visit their old school home.

Essie Kester (1907-1910) is teaching at Shanghai School, in Cleveland County.

A. F. Settlemyre (1907-1910) is now at Erskine College, Due West, S. C.

H. D. Smith (1908-1910), and M. Q. Petty (1907-1909), are students at the Presbyterian College, Clinton, S. C.

Mrs. E. C. Robertson, nee Lessye Inez Hinson (1909-1910), has returned to her home in Raleigh, after visiting her parents and relatives at Arlington, N. C. Her sister, May Bell (1908-1910), is studying at the Southern Presbyterian College, Red Springs, S. C.

J. G. Crawford (1907-1909) is bookkeeping for a prominent firm in Charlotte, N. C.

Mrs. F. B. Hamrick, nee Ollie Green (1907-1909), of Hollis, has been visiting her parents here.

Roy Lovelace (1908-1910) has a position in the bank at Forest City, N. C.

Oscar Huskey (1907-1909) has a position as bookkeeper at Spartanburg, S. C.

MARRIED.

Myrtle Byars Hamrick to Dr. C. T. Hamrick, of Boiling Springs, on December twenty-first.

Mittie Hamrick (1908-1910) to Mr. Ulysses Rollins, of Mooresboro, N. C., on January nineteenth.

The editor of this department will be glad to receive communications from any former students about their present doings and whereabouts.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT

O. N. LOVELACE, '11, EDITOR

BASEBALL PROSPECTS.

As we find ourselves at the beginning of another spring term of school we naturally look around us to see the prospects of a pennant-winning baseball team. This year we are sure we shall be by no means disappointed, for the prospects are better than ever before, and greatly surpass our fondest expectation. Almost all of the last year's team have returned. No doubt we will miss the good work of Farris on third and Smith in the box. Still, we hope that their places can be filled by some of the numerous new students who are going to try out and whose ability to play good ball was shown clearly by the series of games between "fresh. and soph." at the beginning of the school year. The athletic association arranged for nine games, in which the pitcher of the winning team was to be declared the star pitcher of the school. After a very hot contest the sophomores won five of the games and "Buffalo Bill" (Soph.) was given the honor of being the better pitcher. His crooked-back spits and curves were something unique. Charlotte and Shelby will have to do some crack pitching to head "Bill."

At a formal meeting of the association, January thirty-first, the following officers were elected: Sam Lattimore, captain; R. D. Currence, manager; D. M. Abernathy, secretary and treasurer.

With the continued support of both the students of the school and the people of Boiling Springs and with such material to select from there is no reason why we should not have the best baseball team in the history of the school.

TENNIS AND BASKETBALL.

This year more interest is being taken in tennis than ever before. Both the girls and the boys are arranging some beau-

tiful grounds. No doubt the girls' basketball grounds will be the spot selected for the girls' match game. The girls did some practicing in basketball through the fall, and now that pleasant weather is at hand they hope to work up two or three good teams.

We hope that all students will throw themselves into some form of athletics and that the good interest our school has always taken in wholesome sports may grow stronger from year to year.



WHAT'S RELISHED BY THE BEST OF MEN

S. C. LATTIMORE, '14, EDITOR

Teacher—"Johnny, give the principal parts of the verb write."

Johnny (Fresh)—"Right, left, middle."

IN FRESHMAN HISTORY CLASS.

(A True Story.)

Teacher: "What shrewd subterfuge did England adopt to get the colonists to buy tea?"

First Freshman—"She offered merchants *debate*."

Second Freshman—"Wasn't it an *abate*?"

Third Freshman—"No, it was a *bait*."

At last—"It was a *rebate*."

A young lady from an adjoining town was asked if a certain young man were popular with the teachers.

"Yes, and extremely so with the professor: he has the honor of seeing him in the office at least once a week."

A negro looking at a farmer ploughing with the reversible disc plow said: "Well, boss, that thing beats anything I ever seed. It plows out to the end, converses, and goes back the same way."

THE BASEBALL COACH.

Our coach of the ball team was sitting in the church during service and went to sleep. He dreamed he was umpiring in a ball game and shouted, "Strike one, strike two, strike three, and the batter is out!" The preacher became disgusted at his noise and had him aroused. But as soon as the good parson went on with his sermon the boy fell once more into the grasp of sleep. The text was taken from Acts 16:30, where the jailor said: "What shall I do to be saved?" The

boy, thinking he was coaching the team, cried, "Slide! Slide, and you'll make it!"

THE GRAMMAR OF GIRLS.

A girl is a half educated animal who has learned to conceal her ignorance by certain useless accomplishments. She is a proper noun, a transitive verb, a limited adverb, a qualitative adjective, a doubtful article, a meddlesome conjunction, a frequent interjection, and sometimes a past perfect participle, and more often a future perfect. She is conjugated thus: I can, should, or would be married. To be divorced, divorcing. She belongs to the feminine gender except as a suffragist, and is in any tense. She is rarely declined except when she is in the past perfect. Yet for all this most young ladies are poor grammarians—few can decline *matrimony*.

AFTER A BIG HAUL.

"Binks used to be daft on the subject of buried treasure. What's he up to now?"

"He's got up an expedition to Asia Minor, to try to find the place where Methusaleh stored his birthday presents."—*Toledo Blade*.

MAYBE THE PRINTER KNEW.

"My pigmy counterpart," the poet wrote

Of his dear child, the darling of his heart;

Then longed to clutch the stupid printer's throat

That set it up, "My pig, my counterpart."

—*Harper's Weekly*.

A MODERN FAMILY.

"Where is the cook?"

"She's in the kitchen, preparing supper for the doctor's wife, dinner for the doctor, and breakfast for the students."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

J. B. JONES, '12, EDITOR

It is our desire to have an exchange department, the mission of which will be to praise the worthy, and to criticize those to whom criticism is due. The criticism will not be an end, but a means to an end—to elevate our magazine and the magazines with which we exchange. The object is not to criticize the weak in such a way as to dishearten them in their efforts, but to show their faults, that they may gain thereby, and never again make the same mistakes. It will also be a pleasant duty to praise the deserving. Our judgment and decisions will not be based upon the standard of the school. Whether it be high school or university magazine, we will be bold in making criticisms when we think they are deserved, not taking into consideration our own weaknesses.

In return we shall expect and really hope for the same kind of treatment. We will not consider criticism as an agency striving to diminish our influence, but as a hand whose only desire is to lift up, even if the arm does feel some pain in being lifted so harshly. We know that it is not the smooth paths that strengthen, but the climbing of rocky mountains. As a bull's head is hardened by constant fighting, so do we expect our strength to be increased by the criticisms of others.

LOGIC.

Here is a pretty quibble from the new edition of "Logic for the Million," which Sharper Knowlson has prepared:

David said in his wrath, "All men are liars."

Therefore, David was a liar.

Therefore, what David said was not true.

Therefore, David was not a liar.

But if David was not a liar, what he said was true—namely, that all men are liars.—*New York Globe*.

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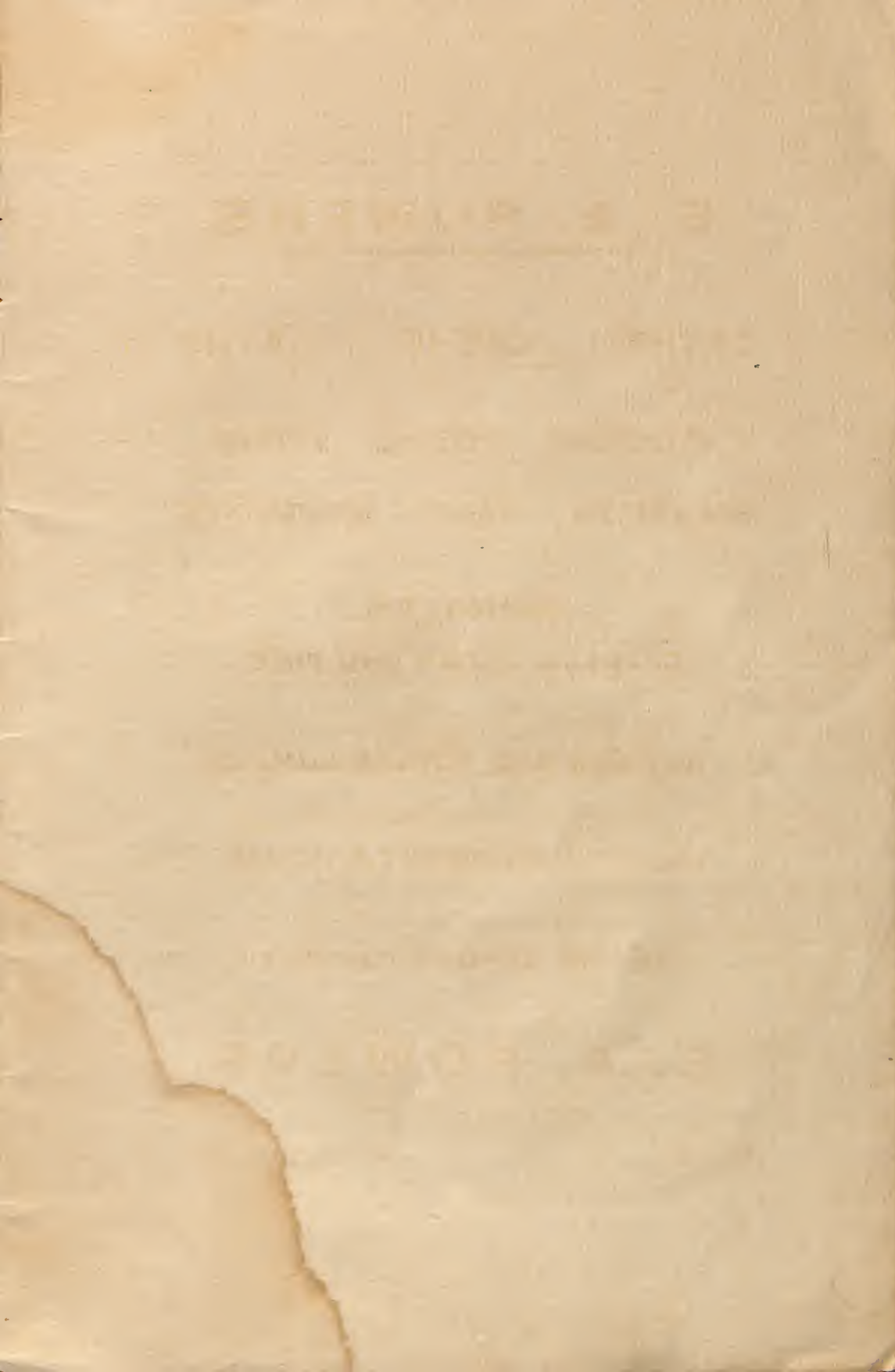
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